The Devil Is In The Details

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The Devil Is In The Details

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Summary

Will Graham has been arrested for murder. He was once a prized special investigator for the FBI--a man who possessed a set of skills and abilities no one could explain or match--and he sits now convicted of a terrible crime: The murder of his surrogate daughter, Abigail Hobbs. With the steady decline of his mental state leading up to her murder, not even Will Graham is sure what really happened out on his boat.

However as evidence continues to mount, strange evidence, Will can't help but suspect it's been planted. He starts to believe he's been framed and he thinks he knows who is responsible. The demon he summoned, Hannibal Lecter, is free in the world and has everything to gain by getting Will put behind bars.

With all of his friends turning against him, Will must ally himself with his fellow inmates to try and prove his innocence. And he soon discovers the men and women locked up in the Baltimore State Long Term Mental Institution have secrets to tell...

(A Hannibal AU wherein Hannibal is a demon improperly summoned by Will)

Notes

This chapter contains:

Jack
Guilt
Discussion of medication and over dosing

one

"I keep having these dreams--guilty dreams--about Will. It's pretty clear, even to me, what they're from. I feel guilty about not getting Will help sooner. I feel like he's in the position he's in because I failed him. It doesn't make the dreams any easier to swallow. They follow me around all day. It's bad enough I have to face the reality of the situation when I'm awake but it's all I think about when I'm asleep too."

Jack Crawford leaned back in the leather armchair. He tilted his head to stare almost vacantly out the window to his right. He could hear the woman in front of him shift slightly--his new therapist. Alana--and the Bureau to a lesser extent--had insisted Jack start seeing a therapist following Will's incarceration. He wasn't sure yet if it was helping, but he'd been assured one couldn't make that claim one month in. He would have to hold out a little longer before making his decision.

"Tell me about these dreams," the woman said softly. "What happens?"

"I'm Will's executioner. I've done just about all of it--lethal injection, hanging, electrocution, the guillotine. I hear myself stating the evidence, the facts, describing his crimes... and the whole time he's just staring at me. It's not a particularly angry stare, it's kind of... broken. It's like he's not in there any more. I don't hesitate in the dreams; I do what I'm there to do."

"And what about these dreams haunts you during the day?"

"That I don't... feel anything. I read what's in front of me. I stare at Will and I don't give a rat's ass about any of it. I don't care that I'm putting him to death; I don't care about the evidence stacked against him; I don't care that Abigail's dead. Nothing seems to matter any more."

"You're putting Will to death but in a sense you feel like you've beaten him to the hangman?"

"Yes, that's a good way to put it." Jack nodded.

"It's not unusual to experience apathy in your situation. In a sense you are mourning Will like he has died, and so the stages of grief can certainly be applied."

"I haven't felt like bargaining with anyone."

"You probably won't. It's the evidence that your team finds that will be what damns Will. It's very unlikely your mind--even stricken with grief--would be able to rationalize bargaining. You have replaced that with guilt and that is very dangerous, Agent Crawford. There are medications for sorrow, there is nothing you can take for guilt."

"What about to sleep?" Jack laughed dryly. "Can I at least get something to start sleeping again? These dreams, they make me feel like a zombie."

"I think I can safely do that for you." The blond woman tilted her head just slightly. "I would suggest you let your wife handle your dosages, however. Sleeping aids can be very dangerous, and in a fit of guilt or exhaustion it can be very easy to suspect yourself capable of handling more than the required dosage. Letting a loved one be entirely responsible for giving you the correct amount can lessen the risk of accidental overdose."

"Oh, Bella will love that. She already wears the pants in the relationship, now she'll get to control my meds." Jack flashed a soft smile.

"Men under the influence of strong women have been shown to achieve far greater things than those who stick to a more archaic balance."

"You strike me as a strong woman, Doctor Du Maurier."

"Thank you. There are days when I would agree with you." Bedelia offered Jack a nod and casually glanced at her watch. She heard Jack do the same, and smiled pleasantly as he stood and held out his hand.

"Thank you again, Doctor. I know I'm a stubborn ass, but you don't ever seem to be put out by my bull headedness."

"You are far better company than some, Agent Crawford. Stubbornness can be a very useful trait if properly applied." Bedelia walked Jack towards the door of her office. "I will look into getting you something to help you sleep."

Jack nodded and offered one last thank you before heading out the door. As the door closed behind him and he found himself standing alone in the waiting room he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. He glanced around to find only empty chairs and poorly framed artwork. He hesitated before exiting into the hallway, the feeling of eyes on him following all the way down to the parking lot. He wasn't sure what it was but the sensation always pricked along his spine after his sessions with Dr. Du Maurier. He felt calm while in her presence, talking with her was easy, but leaving her office was... unsettling. Perhaps it was just the sensation of packing everything back in so that he could continue his day.

two

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains:

Wasp dialogue

"You make claims to care about Will, and yet you've gotten him thrown in prison. I make no claims to follow your line of thinking, but I will admit to some professional curiosity." Bedelia sighed over a glass of wine.

She felt simultaneously out of place and perfectly at home seated at Hannibal's luxurious dinner table. The meal before her was the likes of which she hadn't seen in decades. She could not put a name to the meat but she found she didn't care. She took her carnal pleasures where she could, most days, and asking certain questions just soured the experience. She glanced up as Hannibal hummed around the fork in his mouth.

"Putting Will in the position that he is in now offers him many things he would not have gotten outside secured walls."

"Enlighten me." Bedelia purred. She met Hannibal's gaze unwaveringly and saw a twinge in his look which seemed resoundingly like the demon she knew.

"His safety, first. The man who kidnapped him gave him an ultimatum and Will has chosen to ignore that. I suspect his kidnapper will not take that lightly. As I am still in the dark as to much of that event, I cannot claim to know how best to protect Will. I highly doubt the man will attempt to break /into/ prison in order to exact his oath." Hannibal paused to bring his wine up to nose before letting it pass his lips. "It will also give him an opportunity to relax."

"I don't think he'll be able to relax while in trial for murder, locked in prison, Hannibal." Bedelia said as if reminding the demon where exactly he had placed his summoner. She did not like the soft chuckle Hannibal gave in return.

"He won't be on trial long. I provided enough evidence to make the Bureau jump, but once they really start focusing their attention they will realize something is amiss. He will be freed of all charges and sent to Dr.Chilton exclusively, until such a time as his mental state is deemed stable enough for release."

"I maintain that finding relaxation in such a place will be hard, if not impossible. Especially considering Will's anti-social behavior and lack of desire to be treated. Being incarcerated in any form will force him to remain in a state consistently outside his comfort zone. Hardly relaxing."

"He will not have Jack breathing down his neck. He will not be forced to assume the role of other people, victims and murderers. He will be able to sit back and focus on his own life. He will be able to put things into order in his head. He will gain confidence." Hannibal paused, and then glanced across the table at Bedelia, waiting until she met his eyes once more before continuing. "I would also advise you to take a look at the list of current patients in Dr.Chilton's care. Will shall learn more than just proper self retrospect while institutionalized."

Bedelia frowned. She watched Hannibal consider his own words for a second before concentrating on his dinner. She set down her fork and continued to watch him. His mannerisms were... off. She had spent long years enough with the demon to notice a strain in his physical self. She recalled Hannibal telling her once--under a different name, stitched into a different collar--that beings with souls had two bodies; humans had that which they turned into once they died, and demons had that which they turned into when they lived. The face, the body before her now was just as it had been years and years ago. The same lines, the same scars, the same ethnic beauty that was hard to put a finger on.

"You're worried about him." Bedelia realized slowly. "Even though you have put all your pieces into play, even though you have been more careful with this than you have been with anything else in your time here, you are worried." She permitted herself a small smile at Hannibal's noticeable twitch. "You've penned your flock for the evening, but you know they are still at the mercy of the wolves. Their safety is as reliant on your walls as it is on their own will to survive."

"Abel Gideon currently resides at the Baltimore State Long Term Mental Institution." Hannibal provided, nonchalantly. Bedelia scoffed.

"Once more I am not sure if you are intending to kill Will, or prepping him to be your gateway out of Hell."

"Perhaps a little of both."

"And what do you think Will Graham thinks of your particular brand of schooling and protection?"

"I imagine he hates me for it." Hannibal frowned, moving to clean up their plates--whether Bedelia was done or not. "Though he'll come around soon enough. I'm sure the things he will learn will easily persuade him to think differently."

"For your sake, I hope so. I've never seen you quite so unwound." Bedelia turned her head as Hannibal leaned in, very close. He hesitated before grabbing her plate and turning on his heel. Bedelia smiled as she sipped her wine.

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